

BACK HOME

by Ben Klemer

After the discharge, he
sought to break free of
rustic mountains, humvees, whops of helicopters, and
seeing innocent, smiling children from
random villages

His wife, family, friends, and dog all
watched, waited, and wondered if
all of it was behind him.
He too wanted to assume normalcy, and
find familiarity

The Little League team took the field, and
began warm-ups, tossing to each base.
The pitcher's practice throws found the
plate, as the crouching reserve stood up
giving a camaraderie glove tap to the masked catcher

Gazing at the moment, he
remembered switching places for
a sentinel night shift in the shivering moonlight.
His smiling little girl was playing second base as
baseball ushered the past towards oblivion